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# Growth *in* Silence



Susanna Cocroft

Monograph







# GROWTH IN SILENCE

THIRD EDITION

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# GROWTH IN SILENCE

BY

SUSANNA COCROFT

AUTHOR OF

AIDS TO BEAUTY

SELF-SUFFICIENCY

THE VITAL ORGANS

POISE AND SYMMETRY OF FIGURE

CHARACTER AS EXPRESSED IN THE BODY

IDEALS AND PRIVILEGES OF WOMAN

ETC., ETC.

ORIGINATOR OF THE

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXTENSION SOCIETY

FIRST EDITION, 1905

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are swelling with fragrance; the birds nigh burst their throats in the ecstasy of a new song.

Mental forces adjust themselves under cover of the night, and thoughts in the evening confusion, by morning are clear and unruffled, ready for the fresh beginning. Do not stir up the contention of yesterday—carve the future upon the clear depths of today.

Does some solitary one awaken downcast, heavy hearted, with drooping shoulders, clouded face and careworn brow, a discordant note, out of harmony with the song of the universe? Lift chest, head and eyes,—fill the lungs to overflowing with pure fresh air and let the sunshine in,—then be passive—listen!—all nature is glad. Let the joyous melody of the universe lift you up! up! up! until your soul is filled with joy at the thought of being a part of the greatness of life; the opportunity for expansion, for growth, for freedom is yours.

Were your nerves in such poise that yesterday's conditions worried you—did you see life through a cloud darkly? To-

day's horizon is clear; the clouds are behind—*today is to carve.*

To plod through life with downcast eyes, doing things of slight account, with mental forces fixed alone upon the materials of life means to cramp the spirit, to miss the broader view, the exhilaration of the deep draughts of air,—means to fail to expand to the larger compass.

When the starved heart needs nourishment, when things go wrong, when troubles loom mountains high, turn your thoughts to your blessings; go into the sunshine where the blessings are seen more clearly. Give place to the beautiful, to the enobling purposes of life, keep mind and heart fixed upon the true, the good; they will become highlights from your new point of view. Give to the annoying little things small space—trifles are but bubbles, soon to burst in air. Kindly thoughts dispel all wrong, all gloom, and as you form the habit of looking for the good—your list will multiply and the heart will be fed full of the gladness of living.

The world is full of the beauty of doing and of being, but sometimes the point of

view of one's own mind needs lifting to a higher plane, that the blessings may stand out clearly.

Open the windows of the soul—then be quiet. Listen!—there is a message for you:—“Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all* people.” “Peace, *My* peace I give unto *you*.”

The world is the nursery of the race. It is an uncultivated garden prepared by an Infinite God for little children. Season succeeds season with nourishment for fruition; kind deeds succeed kind impulses and hearts and lives expand and grow, while brooding over all is the love and hovering presence of the Father. Nowhere in all earth's confines can one of the unknowing, helpless ones go beyond His protection or be really harmed. The confines of the enclosure are secure.

He made the world and said, “It is good.” He pronounced upon it His sacred benediction,—“*Peace on earth,—good will toward men.*”—What a balm to troubled spirits to feel the good will of the Father towards Earth's children, to feel this

“*Good Will*,” this “*Peace on Earth*” permeate our very being!

What need for worry or for fear!

**Receptivity** We are learning a new psychology  
—the advantage of receptivity over  
inward strife.

“Remember that we do not have to fight,  
we do not have to struggle, we only have  
to *know*.”

As the windows of the morning are unbarred, the windows of the soul should open wide that the sunshine, the inspiration, the love-light of God’s countenance may pour in as He bids you a cheery good morning. He sends His greeting through the twittering birds, the breath of the flowers, the murmuring night wind, the voices of the children, the sparkling wave, the mountain grandeur, and the deep sea roar.

Before each day’s contact with life begins, listen for the voice of stillness, calling you into harmony with nature, drawing you to the sweet naturalness of your own being. Take time each morning to let this quiet permeate your being, and you will begin the day in poise. You will save



yourself the annoyance, the noise, of haste.

To yield one's self,—to feel a part of all life, of all growth is to give Nature a chance to attune body, mind and soul to the harmony of the universe,—from this receptive attitude growth begins. This keynote firmly fixed, the fullness of life has begun, and the little annoyances which otherwise make much of life, are but accidentals; they do not affect the keynote nor the swell of the undertone.

We are learning that *to let go* means to hold with a more potent force; that to listen to the Divine voice of the melody within means to let go the "tin soldier" trivialities.

One great secret of power is repose. In the state of repose from a nature at rest, God uses us in a more subtle way than when our forces are turbulent with overwork as a result of too strenuous efforts.

Struggling amid a sea of perplexities only exhausts. Let go, until heart and brain are stronger, the muddy water will be dispelled by the radiance of a serene

mental poise and the important objects on the surface will be clearly discernible.

Remember life in its fullness is yours; you do not need to struggle—just accept, heaven is not won by striving; you are *born* to its fullness—you only need to be happy and to *know*. You inherit purity, love, goodness. They are within. Look, you will find them. They are only waiting to be recognized,—then they will radiate sunshine to others.

Flowers do not grow to perfection by constant buffeting against the elements. They require sunshine, warmth, nourishment and light. Your light and love are from within—your heart is the garden—keep it warm, nourish it with kind, loving thoughts.

Relax into the naturalness of your own being. Touch bottom,—be yourself—then LISTEN—you will find the best, the truth within you pulsing for expansion. It is within the deep holy of holies of self which no one but you can enter.

We actually do most for others by leading them into harmony with self, by making them feel the beauties of life—and the

human touch of it. The true being grows stronger in this harmony—the best within us sprouts and grows from this natural atmosphere.

Let go and listen.

**To Be** To be, not to seem; to distinguish the true from the false; to see beauty and to find inspiration in the simple things of life; to keep the mind receptive, sweet and serene, with a spirit which reaches out in true helpfulness—these are the vibrant notes of happiness; thus do we grow, thus are we of value to our friends and to ourselves.

Spend a little time each day in silence—in the depths of the billows which never break on the beach, listening for guidance to the underswell of life to know in what direction it is bearing you. So shall you be borne strongly and steadily onward and upward to a vantage ground where you see life from the hill crest.

**Poise** Man is given mental forces capable of poise too deep for wind or wave. “Hitch your chariot to a star,” says Emerson and the pebbles upon the surface cause slight



friction. Little things which once annoyed become trifles, light as air.

To meet the day, to make the best development in the life which the new day heralds, to be strong and such complete master of self that all impression made upon the lives of others be for uplift, for gladness and goodness, one must have uniform development — must have perfect poise.

The attitude of mind with which we approach a subject determines the amount and character of good or ill we carry away. We are to hear a lecture by one who has won a world-wide reputation; we go expectant, with mind, heart and soul, eager to drink in and as we drink we are filled. Another, of whom we have heard unfavorable comment, may give the same lecture, but in our critical mood we close our mind to the good, and dwelling upon flaws, which in our expectant, positive state we did not see, we get only a partial help.

The music is not in the singer's voice, it is not in the sound wave, it is in the responsive vibration of the ear drum and the mental sensation produced upon the

listener,—it is in the respondent soul vibration.

Poise is balance, is equilibrium, equanimity, equity. It presupposes perfect physical development, mental balance, spiritual receptivity.

Emerson says: “That man is well poised who, in the midst of a crowd, can keep with perfect sweetness the serenity of solitude.”

A well poised mind finds its physical expression in head erect, the back of the neck nearly straight, the shoulders level, the chest and lungs well developed, the spine nearly straight to the waist and the hips well back,—the whole being expressing uprightness, a tendency to reach upward, to lift one’s very being to the heights,—this is the expression of freedom, mental, moral and physical.

The Man of Galilee was a perfect example of poise — physical, mental and spiritual.

Narrow chests, facial muscles drawn towards the center, eyes drawn in, shoulders forward and rounding, express the self-centered, the narrow minded. It is as if

the mental veil were folded about in such a way as neither to allow the sunlight to flood the soul from without nor to allow it to expand and to grow from within. The door of the soul locked, each knock is met with suspicion. Every man, every approach is deemed antagonistic until proven friendly. This mental poise means tense nerves; if habitual it means grooves worn in the brain, so deep that thought naturally flows through these channels, and, as with wrinkles on the face, constant care in directing the thoughts to other channels is necessary to smoothe the surface of the brain.

The habit of drooping the back and the shoulders, of carrying the head forward and down, of keeping the eyes chained to the ground, instead of raised above their level to an equanimity, a balance, a poise above pebbles, expresses the plodder, it is so suggestive of the struggle we make in constantly groveling with trivial things at our feet

“Things are in the saddle,  
And ride mankind.”

As you cultivate the habit of carrying the head, chest and eyes level, note how the

entire universe is lifted to the same plane. As you lift chest, head and eyes, lift body, mind and soul—then be passive, be silent, let God pour in His sunlight and expand to it.

We see the world from our mental poise, our own view point. Does it seem lonely or unkind?—look within. Perhaps your mental balance needs adjusting, perhaps the circulation through the vital organs needs quickening, the lungs an air bath, or the nerve force may need distributing by a systematic series of dynamic breathing exercises, accompanied by exercise for mental concentration.

Remember man's natural poise, his birthright is to meet the day with a thrill of joy at being alive.

The Human  
Trinity

Life is an expression of power and form, and each individual is an entity—a kingdom, with complete temporal power over self and material creation.

Each, to be his strongest self, must stand like Pompey's pillar, "conspicuous by one's self and single in integrity." A perfect equanimity is required to adjust

these individual rulers and their dominions, each to the other, and yet preserve the integrity, liberty and freedom of each.

A perfect physical body, a well poised, well developed mind, and a soul in tune with the Infinite, constitute the human trinity. The possibilities of development within this trinity are illimitable. Given a body, sound in every vital function; supple, free and buoyant in movement; plastic for reflection, for ready expression of every shade of thought; pliable as the paint with which the artist expresses his ideal on canvas, or the clay from which the sculptor moulds his ideal into his model; a mind in perfect adjustment, realizing complete mastery over self, and dominion, tempered with mercy, over material and brute forces, receptive and ready for expansion and growth; a spirit vibrating in tune with the Infinite, swaying and wielding subtle spirit forces, receiving and giving soul impulse as communicated by the Creator through the avenues of mind and soul—a well poised mind, a perfect physical expression, a receptive soul—what a power is there! What a privilege, what a



delight to develop the trinity!—Ah! the possibilities of life must bid us pause.

Health a  
Privilege  
and a Duty

It is no longer considered a mark of distinction to be termed delicate. Men and women take a just pride in being physically, mentally and morally sound; yet on every hand are men and women badly poised, ungraceful, crippled, halt and blind, suggesting limitation along many lines, and much time and thought are necessarily given to these limitations, which might otherwise be turned to growth.

Ignorance of the simple laws of health is filling large sanitariums. Hundreds of dollars and much time are spent upon medicines and stimulants instead of in thought and study of how to keep in harmony with Nature's laws.

The growing tendency toward physical culture, the gymnasium, the natatorium and out-of-door sports is a step in the right direction and is freeing body, mind and soul, which will tell for wholesome strength in generations to come.

There is a bondage darker than that of which Wendell Phillips so eloquently

spoke, and countless millions of all races are suffering. It is the bondage of the mental and spiritual to the physical. Free it! Do not allow mind and spirit to be subservient, so that the physical is the positive force and the mental and spiritual the negative. Awake to the possibilities of the positive, mental intelligence controlling the flesh and blood, and the spirit will awaken to the strength and radiance of the "white light which beats upon the throne."

True, a strong, pure spirit can conquer bodily conditions and shine through any form; but a sound mind thrives best in a sound body;—it is as a lily growing out of rich soil, its color is clearer, it radiates life and beauty in its exhilarating purity and strength.

The true physical culturist, who has worked along the lines of the spiritual and the mental, as well as the physical, has watched souls, bound by physical limitations, expand and blossom as a rose when the physical is freed. She has seen faces and forms, at first expressing entire dominance of physical passions over mental

and spirit force, develop as the flowers of springtime creep up from the moist, fertile soil and enfold in full fruition, until they

“Became the sweet presence of a good diffused.”

**The Temple  
Beautiful**

We are given a temple beautiful, perfect for the indwelling of a soul. To keep it beautiful, free, pliable and abounding with native grace and force, a ready means of expressing and reflecting the God-head, is a sacred trust. Yet many an earnest, misguided woman is so engrossed in keeping the house of boards and mortar, with which the physical body is sheltered, and the clothing with which it is covered in order, that she completely wears out the body, forgetting that the house was made for the comfort of the individual, rather than the individual for the care of the house—and God's soul temple is worn out in the effort.

Think of it! Her family may be starving for the inspiration to right living, for the warmth and tenderness which she has no time to give, or which she is too tired to give. She begrudges a few moments a day for care of her health forgetting that



life culture is her first duty, and that the care of self means as much as the care of this human house,—means more than furniture and fabric.

“Cherish your body, for God made it great;  
It has a guest of might and high estate;  
Keep the shrine noble, handsome, high and  
whole,  
For in it lives God’s guest, a kingly soul.”

**Character  
Reflected in  
The Body**

One’s habitual thoughts, summed up in the word Character, are reflected upon the face and form as definitely as the features are imagined in clear water, and he who runs may read the inner life reflected upon the outer. The face and form are the soul’s mirror and they speak with a million tongues.

To the close student of human expression there is no deceiving, there can be no appearing, for the very thought which stimulated the pretense is reflected in delicate tracery upon face and form, and in subtle movement and voice; it is recognized as an effort to seem, not to be.

We unconsciously read a man’s character while he speaks to us; his past thoughts clamor louder through face and form than do his present thoughts through the voice;

“How can I hear what you say, when what you are is forever thundering in my ears?”

Art would be meaningless, marble and canvas would be meaningless, did not thoughts carve themselves in muscular outline. The lowering brow, the sunken chest, the droop at the corners of the eye, and the mouth, the upright poise, the buoyant step, each has its expression—they tell where lines have been carved deepest, where the high lights and the shadows lie.

That artificial teaching, therefore, which works for grace of movement from without, expresses its own shallowness. True grace is graciousness and from within; but the surface kept free and sensitized, more readily reflects the image.

The artist who uses the nude as a means of spiritual expression, is educating the world to see it in its true light. The symmetrical curves, outlines and movements of the human form are the most perfect expressions of true art in nature, and the man or woman, who is blind to the ideal, to the spiritual in the bodily expression who tells us that the nude in art is immodest,

needs the artistic sense developed—needs lifting out of the mere physical. “To the good all things are good, to the pure all things are pure.”

The body is the work of the Divine Artist—all other art is but finite imitation.

Artists portray the Man of Gallilee as the “Lowly Nazarene”,—one bent under the weight of his burden; His facial and bodily outlines expressing depression, despondency and submission. This attitude, this physical expression is entirely at variance with His nature.

A little above the average in size, of perfect health, of magnificent carriage, free movement, head up and well poised upon square shoulders expressing patience,—His whole bearing must have denoted His completeness, His high purpose and His consciousness of its fulfillment. Moving at ease among all classes of men,—in the Sanhedrin, at the court of Pontius Pilate, before Herod the Great, His physical bearing expressed the ease, dignity and strength of a man who had come to establish his kingdom in the heart of man over the universe; not the woe-begone, despon-

dent burden-bearer, as portrayed by many artists. He *knew* it would be established, not in Jerusalem, not in the Roman empire, but in the Universe—"and I, if I be lifted up, will draw *all men unto me.*" "Not "perhaps", but "I *will*".

He never failed in anything He undertook. He said "I will", and the world is coming to Him in multitudes,—not all in the same caravan, but each according to his nature; there never was a time when men followed the standard bearer and marched so surely and steadfastly to victory.

Perhaps it is because, in the present state of enlightenment, we recognize that all need not be burden bearers to be His followers. Some may plod the valleys, some may leap from hill crest to hill crest--some do not even need the regeneration—they were His in the cradle; they are thankfully, happily His to the grave.

Health	Healthful thoughts open the channels
Means	for the flow of life and tune the entire
Character	system to exquisite harmony. Were
	our ears so attuned that life's forces
	could be heard; could any stethoscope so

magnify the sound waves that every movement of the blood coursing through the veins, the nerve force flowing through its channels the soul force, be heard, methinks the whole would make exquisite harmony and any discord would give the cue to a function out of tune.

“There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”  
—Shakespeare.

This directing the thoughts along the healthful channels of good will and harmony is largely a matter of will power,—it is a matter of character.

Is health then a matter of character? Largely, unless some part of the human mechanism be injured beyond the power of the system to repair, or unless the germs of disease have so multiplied as to have become the unconquering, predominating force.

“Time alone relieves the foolish from sorrow but reason the wise.”



If a woman's nerves be out of condition, she is advised to go on a trip or to change her surroundings, that her habits of thought may change and the sets of nerves which have been overworked, because of the mind dwelling constantly upon certain themes, may relax and other nerve centers be called into play. If she have the strength of character and will power to change her thoughts, in her present environment, and the happy disposition to make that environment pleasant, so that her nerves regain a normal poise, she need not wander over the globe in search of health. It may be waiting on her own doorstep. Her thoughts may be changed by directing her reading along helpful channels.

A line of thought, persisted in, works grooves in the brain; the result is insanity—insanity along one line of thought. One writer voices this great truth: "Women are dying every day and doctors call it some new-fangled disease or other, when if the truth were known it is in worrying over things which never happen and in

waiting and hoping for things which never come.”

Truly thoughts are potent forces. Disagreeable thoughts persisted in affect the nerves and cause illness. More people break down from worry than from work, and so much of the worry of life is over things which never happen.

“Yesterday has gone, forget it;  
Tomorrow never comes, don’t worry;  
Today is here, use it.”

Cheerful, bright, exhilarating thoughts, good will toward all mankind, put brain and nerves in a natural poise and the result is health. This vital principle is so general that, as a rule, a strongly pessimistic person is usually fleshless, while optimism goes hand in hand with plumpness and good cheer.

We need to change our habits of thinking and to realize our own inherent strength. Many, who by their very nature should be masters of material conditions, allow numberless forces, insignificant in themselves, to master them. Given dominion over the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, man is an abject slavery to a draught of air.

Ah that he might claim his heritage of health, strength, freedom and dominion!—and first of all dominion over self.

God bless the cheery, jovial faces!  
Good Will They do more good in the world,  
the Saving they radiate more wholesome life  
force, they inspire us more with the impulse to do and to be than a whole regiment of earnest workers, wearing themselves and others out in strenuous, doleful efforts to do good. In their over-exertion and intensity of interest they often defeat their purpose of shedding happiness.

The large, open heart, ready to see and to drink in all that is good in the universe, opens the lines of the face, good will radiates and the frank, kindly smile calls forth another smile. Such good nature is riches beyond comparison.

“Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.” The atmosphere of a full heart, of good will, of peace, puts the nerves into a positive state for the free flow of health and vitality. It is as if the forces of mind and body were opened for the fullness of Power and Plenty to permeate and to control. It is



this positive, active exhilaration, it is this growth, which, reacting upon the mind and body, makes life worth living. "Life is an ecstasy—anything else is not worth the living."

The positive, mental poise is the health saving. It takes strong will power and a fixed habit of looking upon the bright side, of looking for good, to build up a badly impaired physical condition but it is done every day—each day many a crown is won. Many a man is master of self and ruler indeed.

**Creative  
Power**

Magnetism, Influence and Power are created within, and this very creative force makes environment, makes the surrounding atmosphere and attracts outward influences as a magnet to still further increase the power. Let no man say I am not thus and so for lack of opportunity, "because of my environment." Let him listen with soul, not ear, to the creative force within, feel it grow, expand, uplift, and no environment which man has made can prevent the bud bursting into blossom. He will rise as a positive, growing force, sufficiently strong, either to

change his present environment, or to find a new one. The germ of ambition is well nigh unquenchable.

Success does not always mean success from a worldly standpoint. Men and women in palaces are dying daily, from dwarfed lives, from heart starvation, who would gladly change places with the lowliest peasant whose heart is fed to fullness. Success means consciousness of the power and kinship Christ felt when he said, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me."

If you have been in the whirl of life, busy over small things or great, in order to gain this conscious power you need to be alone, to live with yourself, until, for a time, you can be unconscious of your surroundings. Shake yourself free from fetters, realize that this power has naught to do with hurry. It means that you touch the naturalness of your being, that you fully comprehend the meaning of I AM—After fully realizing your part of the creative force, the "I WILL" demands recognition.

To be alone, to take a few moments of

rest each day in the quiet of your own nature, means to *do* with a purpose, when you emerge from the quiet. The world will never know the silent power growing out of the forty days in the wilderness.

Every man and every woman, growing, expanding to their best, must feel this kinship of power, must feel the strong depth, the fullness of the expansive life, which results from the knowledge of one's power with God to create, to draw unto self dynamic force, to create one's own atmosphere and by this atmosphere to wield influence and set in motion other forces.

In order to feel the fullness of this growth, one must attain physical and mental, as well as spiritual strength. To gain magnetic, creative power every physical function must vibrate strong life in perfect soundness of every organ; the blood must be kept pure and strong by circulating, nourishing and rebuilding tissues; nerves, heart and lungs must be strong so that the physical power is continuously re-created from within, drawing as a magnet, upon all relative forces to strengthen its own. Unless one feel this

positive force within, he will be sapped by stronger forces from without. One must use intelligence and will power and not allow the mind to be subservient to appetite and passion. Thought as well as action must be controlled.

The greatest conquest one can make is victory over self—complete control of thoughts and nerves, so that we look over and beyond the little annoyances, preserving under the most trying conditions the sweet, reposeful serenity of silence.

A great soul will rise through buffeting and trials to a spirit of helpfulness, of whole-souled heartiness in life's work; a little soul will rail at its hardships, embittered toward those who have kept shoulder to the wheel and by the helpful, wholesome spirit have conquered. So live that every friend and brother you bespeak in passing is stronger, better for the contact.

Look Up,  
Not Down

“I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.”

In human life as in the mountain regions, there are those who prefer to live



in the valleys of mere physical abundance, some on the hillside, and others on the mountain tops. The valley dwellers, from a worldly standpoint, often reap large crops. They live in the mire, eagerly grasping all within reach, and rankly wallowing in physical abundance. The atmosphere is often stifling, they miss the exhilaration of the refreshing breezes of the heights, yet the humidity, the stifling air gives the physical, the worldly, a rank yield. They miss the beautiful sunsets, they miss the broader vision, and while the rank yield has a beauty all its own, it suggests greed and selfishness,—rank growth bears no blossoms.

Those who climb the mountain side, struggle with the efforts necessary to cultivate the soil, encounter many rocks, fell many trees, see the rain pass by them and must often feel that the result is not worth the effort. They must be tempted to succumb to the force of gravity and to rush down into the valley.

Never having reached heights, it is hard to comprehend the glory of the summit—but they “touch God’s hand in the dark-

ness and are lifted up and strengthened.” The growth on the hillside is not so rank, not so luxuriant as in the valley, but it is of a finer quality—it brings higher price. They have caught a glimpse of the heights above, their course is ever onward and upward, and they cannot retrace. “ ’Tis the set of the soul decides its goal, and not the wind, nor the wave.” The source of light is above yon hill-tops. The hands of those on the heights are constantly beckoning the climber upward, picturing the warmth, the sunlights and the glory while they reach down strong hands to help the struggling ones.

Those on the table-lands walk on level ground, their ways are ways of pleasantness and peace. They look down from the hill-crest upon the valley of ignorance with loving, helpful sympathy; they know the peace which passeth all understanding and are throbbing to give it out; they are in perfect poise, in perfect harmony.

Blessing  
of Giving

In positive, active, exhilarating gladness let us meet life and scatter the bounties it has given abundantly.

Truly, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," for in the giving we are growing and contentment comes through consciousness of growth.

What is education, what is knowledge, what is spiritual development, what is gladness, what is joy, but so much capital to give out, but an exhaustless storehouse from which to draw. Give out—our hands were made to open as well as to close—our arms, our features, our chests were made to expand.

Remember the parable of the ten talents,—“in proportion as you give shall your store be multiplied a hundred fold,”—and the giving does not refer to money alone—give of self,—“ye have greater gifts than gold.”

“He that would save his life must lose it,”—in the very giving—in the willingness to surrender self—comes the great blessing of the fullness. Open the storehouse. Man is simply a temple of the Most High, from which He is ready to reveal Himself. He would radiate His light, His peace, His joy through you.

**What Is  
Education**

Filling the mind with a certain number of facts, cramming it with knowledge of a given number of subjects is not education. Many a young man goes through college, with every advantage money can buy, and the brother who has remained on the farm and with an attentive mind and heart, has listened and applied, is the better educated of the two. The one has knowledge, the other capacity to apply, to feel, to know.

Education is opening the shutters in the windows of the soul, and revealing the truth of nature, it is the realization of one's possibilities, physical, mental and spiritual, is the awakening of the desire to see the light and to apply the beauties without to the beauties within,—it is vision power: It is man's dignity and privilege to think God's thoughts.

**Happiness  
Within**

True happiness, exhilarating gladness, fullness of joy, the ocean of peace are all within. Heaven is a condition within one's own soul, it is not a state, and happiness is not found by wandering from shore to shore, from continent to continent, with the gates of the



heart closed. Many a one rushes madly to the convention hall, to the ball, to the seashore, to the land of the midnight sun, to the regions of the equator, and returns after many a weary search, to find it in the song of the bird on his own threshold, in the heart of a rose in his own garden or in the silence of his own inner chamber. The allwise Architect uses the simplest means to reveal Himself unto man. That which he has been seeking was here; it is here; it needs only to be recognized.

The true secret of satisfaction with life is in unselfish usefulness and in the habit of opening the mind and soul to the recognition of the good and the beautiful. Form the habit of expecting happiness, of expecting joy, of expecting goodness,—and above all learn to look for and to expect goodness in others,—“according to thy faith be it unto thee.”

Epictetus says: “If man is unhappy remember that his unhappiness is his own fault, for God has made all men to be happy. \* \* \* No one was ever yet made utterly miserable, excepting by himself.”

In our complex state of society, surrounded by people of varied temperaments, of indifferent nerve force, it takes a strong character, a well established poise indeed, to hold the mental tenor of ecstasy. The consciousness of that exhilarating spring within, from which the mental and spiritual force is constantly flowing, must indeed be strong to apply the knowledge of the never ending supply of "Peace, Power and Plenty."

Judge Not      Pity the poor soul who seemingly regards it as a tribute to superior judgment to be able to detect faults in others and to bring those faults to the light, colored from her own point of view. Living upon the faults of others is poor food for the mind, lacking nourishment and strength.

Gnawing at the lives of others, like parasites, dwarfs the nature. It also affects the life it feeds upon, for if "thoughts are things" they must affect the one to whom they are directed; but by far the most deleterious effect must be upon the one who feeds upon the poison. "Judge not that ye be judged, for with that meas-

ure ye meet it shall be measured to you again.”

A grain of wheat will reproduce a grain of wheat, a thistle will reproduce a thistle, a rose will reproduce a rose, a beautiful thought will reproduce a beautiful thought.

How potent for good, right, charitable thoughts must be, and what opportunity to do good by simply thinking aright!

**Club Women** The writer has had a wide experience with the large body of so-called American Club Women, who are striving to be, not to seem, to make the best of life and to help all womankind to see life from the hillcrest.

God is blessing and prospering their work, in brighter, happier homes, more intelligent mothers, more sympathetic help-meets and companions. In all progressive movements worthy the name, there will always be the excess, but it takes the excess to make the medium, to stimulate to progress.

Woman is learning from the club to know herself, to realize her own comparative development, and from the inspira-

tion of those who are stronger, to gather strength and insight for growth, to fix higher ideals;—an ideal once fixed is half attained.

The Silence  
Within

Wholesome men and women there are with sweet, happy faces, soulful with the peace within, whose very presence radiate love, and good cheer, whose serene, calm depths attract as a magnet, whose atmosphere whisper of the dignity of *being*, instead of *doing*,—of seeming, of having.

To be cheerful, bright, tender and helpful in one's sphere of contact is all that is required of us. To let no influence go out from self that is not helpful, is the secret of a happy life. To be sure of this result one must establish the habit of daily communion with her inner, better self,—must be sure she is true to her best self, not drifting.

Woman owes it to herself, to her family, and to her friends to take an inviolable quiet hour for rest. Then when she works, she will accomplish, when she reposes she will rest, and the melody, the undertone of life will be fuller, richer, sweeter.



She has learned that to be a wife, a mother, a homekeeper, a factor in education, in church, and in society, she needs, at least once a day, to retire "into the inner chamber and to shut the door;" to listen to the sweet and holy music in the silence of her own life, audible to herself and to her Maker, only. "The melody shall be reawakened, the strings shall be retuned, the brush of the Divine Artist will retouch the panorama of her life with a roseate hue, will give distinctiveness to the perspective and will make the footpaths through the dark places plain." As she gazes upon the picture she is lead gently back to the present, and takes up life's duties surrounded by a halo of light; an atmosphere of peace, love and harmony pervades her.

The little daily margin in the routine of life for the stillness and leisure of growth,—for the development from within,—is a time saver, it saves the waste of hurry and of noise.

Marcus Aurelius says: "It is within thy power whenever thou shalt choose to rest within thyself," but to be good com-



pany our minds must be well stored, must be filled with pure, helpful, peaceful thoughts.

“Far out on the deep there are billows,  
Which never shall break on the beach;  
And I have had thoughts in the silence,  
Which never shall form into speech;  
And I have had dreams in the valley,  
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred,  
They float through the valley like virgins,  
Too pure for a touch or a word.”

—Father Matthew.

In the man or woman of strength and force we recognize a well, the depth of which we cannot fathom, a something in reserve better than we have been able to touch. It is expressed in a quiet dignity which puts all at ease, a balm to troubled spirit.

“The still water reflects the depths.”

The Silent  
Hour

It is the quiet hour of the home life, the silent hour of the fireside, which educates, which cultivates, which touches the chords of harmony and gives the key note to the “choir invisible.”

It is the silence of the “inner chamber” which touches the deep forces of the soul and bids them flow forth. It is from this force of the silence, this calm, sure seren-

ity that one radiates the beauty of life, that one has a vantage ground upon which to stand and to accomplish.

“Only the serene soul is strong.”

Emerson well says: “We descend to meet.” We drop to such trivialities, we let go the beautiful chords of life, when we discourse with our friends.

The whole world speaks and writes and thinks in silence on a higher plane than it acts.

It is the soul's response in the silence which *knows*,—a few minutes of silent soul communion often adjusts one atmosphere to another and makes us to know our friend better than hours of conversation. We never really enjoy him until we are at home with him in silence.

Would that in our busy world we might take more time for the Angelus, so that as the great bell rings at the sunset hour we may hear the deep and individual message of God spoken to each human heart. Would that once a day we might unveil the reverence of our being so that this bell might speak to each man's soul in tones of solemnity, bidding him relax his toil,

let go his hold upon duties which man has imposed, and with uncovered head, reverently listen to the message of "Peace on earth, good will toward men." The very uncovering of the head, the reverent attitude recognizes the message: "Be silent, and know that I am God."

What an education, what a rest, what a humanizing impulse, what a soul growth, if at the sunset hour the universe would stand with uncovered head in naked truth, in silent communion, each alone with his Father, with his God. The disturbing thoughts, the turbulent waters of the earth would be at rest, problems which vex minds, small and great, would solve themselves. Man would be brought to a realization of his own depths, and of his own strength.

That soul is great which, in the midst of a crowd, can be alone,—yet not alone, for he will realize the sweet companionship and friendship of the inner self—that spiritual self which knows the strength, the depth, the rugged serenity of the forty days in the wilderness—breathing and emanating the atmosphere of the silent,

stalwart breath of the forest, of the mountain and of the sea. The man who does not feel the strength, the uplift of the Divine, in silent, soulful communion with Nature, has not awakened to the possibilities within himself.

He who falls into erring ways, does so because his mind and soul are dwarfed. He has not been awakened to possibilities. It may be that the great truths of life have been put to him in a narrower gauge than his nature requires, and instead of thinking them out for himself, he closes his mind to the greater truth, because he does not like the garb in which it is presented. Such an one needs more of the society of God's "out of doors," instead of men. He needs his own thoughts adjusted under cover of the clear, blue sky.

Someone has said, "I love the society of trees, and of flowers; they are dignity in gentle repose. They leave me free. They make no claim upon me to entertain or be entertained. Not one of them thrusts himself upon me in bustling, insignificant, personal importance. Not one of them constrains me to an ostentatious

homage. They do not pay, or claim court. They are grandly themselves and they permit me to be grandly myself. This silence is fruitful and life expansive. They let me rest within the pleasant naturalness of mine own being. In the harmony of their surrounding quiet, my soul goes out to them in such nearness of contact, that it can almost hear how they grow—almost see the secret by which they appropriate their perfect coloring and dainty grace. Let me remain much in their presence and receive their silent teaching.”

The great soul listens, and applies.

Dwellers in cities control and manipulate large enterprises; they solve large problems of man’s forming; this desire for temporal, civic power shows the trend of man’s mind, to develop, to expand, to do. The very pleasure of having is in the satisfaction of doing—many a bubble long striven for, bursts, or becomes as an old toy when once within the grasp.

All men to be at their best must either recognize an all powerful force working with them in their city lives, or they must go periodically into the silent, mighty



forces of the forest, must “put their ears against the earth and listen to the movement of the ground swell,” must realize the indomitable expansion and growth in all nature, then the vantage point from which they see all life will be regained, and problems obscure in the confusion of mental clouds will become plain as seen from the heights.

John Ruskin says: “To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plough, shovel or spade, to read, to think, to love, to pray, are the things which make men happy.”

For men, like the grain of the corn-field, grow  
small in the huddled crowd,  
And weak for the breath of spaces where a soul may  
speak aloud;  
For hills, like stairways to heaven, shaming the  
level track,  
And sick with the clang of the pavements and the  
marts of the trafficking pack.  
Greatness is born of greatness, and breadth of a  
breadth profound;  
The old Antaeus fable of strength renewed from  
the ground  
Was a human truth for the ages; since the hour  
of the Eden-birth  
That man among men was strongest who stood with  
his feet on the earth.

—Sharlot Mabridth Hall.

Growth  
Through  
Freedom

Any experience makes for progress, for growth which gives us a distinct view of ourselves, stimulates to individual thought. One ought never to care so much for the intellectual conclusion of today as for the broader view which tomorrow may reveal.

Emerson says: "With consistency, oh fool, a great soul has simply nothing to do."

The strong man shakes himself free from meshes which once bound him as a young horse tosses his mane in delightful freedom and independence. Spiritual evolution ever tends to freedom, to fullness of life and self-mastery—a joyousness in being the free born child of a King.

Growth comes with a complete change from daily thought; when one ventures outside of prescribed limits, dares to think on unwonted themes.

No environment is so sacred, no occupation so worthy, that one should not disengage himself from it for a season either to return with new life, greater freedom, and clearer vision or not at all.

A boat with sails spread, attempting to go contrary to the wind, is wasting effort —“He who is not for Me is Against Me.” The power to accomplish is outside the human province until we learn that all is good and that everything that occurs is in the fulfillment of an ever moving purpose.

Beliefs, customs, habits should be the means to the great end, freedom, and never master of the soul. Freedom is individual harmony, not absorption, and we are free in so far as we have freed the powers of thought, the powers of acting and living from our own point of view. The thread which shall lead us out of the labyrinth of ignorance into the broad light of day, we alone can find. We must expand to the light as each individual flower creeps up from out the mould and unfolds its springtime beauty.

Adversities  
Develop

This and that is a hard experience; we bemoan our lot, but the only way out of it is through it.

There can be no standing still; we either contract and narrow, making room for stronger forces, or we expand and grow in our constant efforts to overcome. The



going through to the goal beyond brings into play unused powers and ends in an enlarged capacity and a knowledge of that capacity.

This knowledge is a new foundation stone.

The errors and perplexities which go to the making of experience have their uses. "It is by perplexity and grief that the untried heart masters perplexity and grief, and stores digested power for future conquest." The man who rises to a just, frank and true knowledge of his own powers and capabilities is half way to his goal. Battles are often won before they are fought.

Savonarola would, under different circumstances, undoubtedly have been a good husband, a tender father, a man unknown to history; but misfortune came to visit him, to crush his heart, and to impart that marked melancholy which characterizes a soul of grief, and the grief which circled his head with a crown of thorns wreathed it with a crown of immortality.

"We must earn the right to rule self, must ascend to the superb heights where

Love, Faith, Justice and Good reign and radiate their purity and life-giving essence. The being must be bathed to cleanliness in a pure element.

Belief in God is the uplifting power,—the ladder by which we scale the heights and which imparts a blessing in happiness, in a spiritual spring of joy.”

Naught  
to Fear

Let us consider what it is to feel we have no outrages or evil to resent, no slight to overlook. It is a precious freedom, a shedding of fetters. Naught to fear more than the clear, blue sky overhead, the gracious impartial sunshine and the loving omnipresence of God. Such revised manner of thinking must revise the manner of breathing—must revise the heart pulses and the manner of blood’s circulating—must revise the entire physical expression of the divine idea of Good. “Such a relief in Good must be a transition from the inharmony of chaos to the harmony of heaven and must bring a fulness, a richness of life—life—life,—Life which is crowding the earth, the air, the ocean for standing room.” It is bursting from every seed pod and springing from every sea shell.



To lose all selfishness, all self-interest, to let go all dogma, all preconceived beliefs, not consistent with our present status of growth, to open the soul is the only life of power. We must be ready to say: "Here am I, Lord, send me"—not with a broken, contrite spirit, but with voice and heart, mind and body strong and free and willing, unreserved and whole hearted.

The whole import of life is expressed in Jacob's command to his son: "Go forth, I pray thee and see how it fares with thy brethren and return to me." This is the Divine command to each of us—"Go forth and return to Me."

Live to  
Our Noblest  
Ideals

Let us then live up to our noblest ideals and with mind and spirit fixed upon a high purpose, the little worries of life will merge into greater thoughts. Let us keep our hearts pure, our aspirations high and let no night envelop us in silence until every unkind thought, every wrong impulse, has been mellowed and dispelled. Let no sun set which does not bless some kindly act, some helpful thought, some unselfish work.

Let us cultivate a serene mental poise and remember that by being sweet, wholesome and true we add to the sweetness and to the beauty of the universe. Let us not lose sight of our possibilities—remember that the great oak is enfolded in the acorn.

We pass through this world but once—we have but one opportunity for helpfulness and kindness. Let us not neglect the opportunity to fill each day with gladness for some fellow traveler.

So shall we leave an impress on the lives about us which shall tell in generations yet to come—“so shall we join the choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world.”

*Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.—Cicero.*

O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity.  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like  
stars,

And with their mild persistence urge man's  
search

To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven ;  
To make undying music in the world,  
Breathing as beauteous order that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man.  
So we inherit that sweet purity  
For which we struggled, failed and agonized,  
With widening retrospect that bred despair.  
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,  
A vicious parent shaming still its child  
Poor, anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;  
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,  
Die in the large and charitable air.  
And all our rarer, better, truer self,  
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,  
That watched to ease the burden of the world,  
Laboriously tracing what must be,  
And what may yet be better—saw within  
A worthier image for the sanctuary,  
And shaped it forth before the multitude  
Divinely human, raising worship so  
To higher reverence more mixed with love—  
That better self shall live till human Time  
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky  
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,  
Unread forever.

This is life to come,  
Which martyred men have made more glorious  
For us who strive to follow. May I reach

That purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense.  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

George Eliot.

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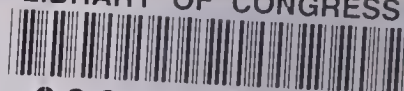








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